

Drawing Lines in the Dark

by Owen Johnston

<http://www.moonlitjourneypoetry.com/>

Walking alone at night
With only lonely streets
To keep me company
As the moon lights my path.

Who can say
What secrets lay
Around the corner or
Undiscovered by
Human thought?

What lines do I read between?
What is there already -
Hidden in plain sight?

Inconspicuous -
But Not
Invisible.

Omote and Ura of Kata -
The outer shape
And inner meanings.

The lines and shape
Of the form
Once practiced -
No longer static but
Natural motions
Of the body
Moving on its own,
Flowing without thought.

The full moon
Is reflected by
The puddle of water
Near the curb.

I see only an outer shape -
Yet the water yields to the touch
And I cannot grasp or hold
Its form which flows -
Taking the shape of its container.

SPLASH

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But the moon is still
And always was
Holding us all in his orbleess eyes.